

# THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

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*"Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me"* (JOHN 5: 39).

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## WHY I BELIEVE THE BOOK OF MORMON TO BE THE WORD OF GOD.

BY WILLIAM A. MORTON.

I HAVE been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints thirty-three years. During that time I have read and studied the Book of Mormon a great deal, and I say, in all sincerity, the more I study the book, the more thoroughly I become convinced that it is a divinely-inspired record.

I believe implicitly in the Book of Mormon; I believe it to be the word of God to the ancient inhabitants of America even as I believe the Bible to be the word of God to the Jews and also to the Gentiles. There are two theories respecting the origin of the Book of Mormon. One of these is the Solomon Spaulding theory, which has been strongly advocated by anti-Mormons in order to keep people from believing the Book of Mormon to be of divine origin. According to this theory, a man named Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, Ohio, wrote a book in which he purported to give an account of the origin of the American Indians. After his death, the manuscript, so it is asserted, fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, who, with others, conspired to publish it and present it to the world as a sacred history of the ancient people of America. This theory is so absurd that it is surprising to me it did not, like the new moon, "set with its rising." Mr. Spaulding was a Presbyterian minister; but this fact has been carefully concealed by those who advocate the theory that he was the author of the Book of Mormon. Had they let it be known they would, undoubtedly, have aroused suspicion and greatly weakened their argument. For this reason: Presbyterian ministers do not write books condemning, in the strongest terms, doctrine which they themselves fervently believe

and which is advocated by their church. Take, for example, infant baptism, which has been practiced by the Presbyterian Church since its establishment. This is what the Book of Mormon says concerning it: "I know that it is solemn mockery before God, that ye should baptize little children. . . He that supposeth that little children need baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity; for he hath neither faith, hope, nor charity. . . Wo unto such, for they are in danger of death, hell, and endless torment. I speak it boldly; God hath commanded me" (Moroni 8: 9, 14, 21). I cannot believe that a Presbyterian minister wrote that. There is in the Book of Mormon much more that is at variance with the doctrines taught by the Presbyterian Church; indeed, there is very little in the book that is compatible with Presbyterianism. A Presbyterian minister would not write the Book of Mormon if he could, and he could not write it if he would. With just as much reason might it be said that a Presbyterian minister wrote Payne's "Age of Reason" or Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses." Solomon Spaulding's manuscript was found in 1844, and is at present in the library of Oberlin College, Ohio. It bears no resemblance whatever to the Book of Mormon.

The other theory—the one advocated by the Mormon Church—is that a heavenly messenger appeared to Joseph Smith and told the youth about a set of gold plates that were hid in a hill a short distance from his home, on which was engraved a history of the ancient inhabitants of America; that four years later Joseph Smith was permitted to take the plates from their hiding place; that through the gift and power of God he translated them into English and presented to the world the Book of Mormon. Now, in order that the world might have this new witness for God and His Christ, the Church has spent tens of thousands of dollars in printing and distributing the Book of Mormon, and thousands of missionaries have carried it to many of the nations. I have read Joseph Smith's account of the origin of the Book of Mormon many times, and I am thoroughly convinced that it is true. It is much easier for me to believe Joseph Smith's story than to believe the Spaulding theory.

One of the strong reasons I have for believing the Book of Mormon to be the word of God is because I believe the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles. There are in the Bible numerous prophecies relating to the Book of Mormon. I will refer to a few of them. A short time before his death the Patriarch Jacob, in blessing his son Joseph, said:

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall:

The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him:

But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made

strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel):

Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with the blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb:

The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors, unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren" (Genesis 49: 22-26).

This prophecy had the beginning of its fulfilment in the year 600 B. C., when, according to the Book of Mormon, a colony of Israelites, descendants of Joseph, the son of Jacob, was led by the Lord from Jerusalem to the land that is now called America, where they became a great nation. Prophets were raised up among them, who taught them the commandments of God, and also concerning the coming of Christ. After his resurrection, Christ visited them; he taught them the Gospel and established his Church among them, even as he did among the people on the eastern continent. For nearly four hundred years afterwards they lived in peace and happiness. Then pride began to manifest itself among them; they became divided, contentions followed, and later terrible wars, in which countless thousands of lives were sacrificed. The American Indians are the remnant of that once mighty people. This, in brief, is a history of Joseph's branches referred to by Jacob, the branches that were to "run over the wall" (the great ocean) "even unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

It was concerning these people that Isaiah prophesied:

And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be, as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust" (Isaiah 29: 4).

A similar prophecy was made by the Psalmist David. "Truth shall spring out of the earth," said he, "and righteousness shall look down from heaven" (Psalms 85: 11). This prediction was literally fulfilled when the angel Moroni came down from heaven and took out of the earth a volume of truth, the Book of Mormon.

Isaiah made another prophecy which the Book of Mormon—and the Book of Mormon alone—fulfills to the letter. It is as follows:

And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed:

And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned.

Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed

their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men:

Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid" (Isaiah 29: 11-14).

This prophecy had its fulfillment soon after Joseph Smith commenced the work of translating the plates. Martin Harris, who was acting as his scribe, asked permission to take the characters which the Prophet had copied to New York, to show to a learned man there. This is what he related on his return:

I went to the city of New York, and presented the characters which had been translated, with the translation thereof, to Professor Charles Anthon, a gentleman celebrated for his literary attainments. Professor Anthon stated that the translation was correct, more so than any he had before seen translated from the Egyptian. I then showed him those which were not translated, and he said that they were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyric, and Arabic; and he said they were true characters. He gave me a certificate, certifying to the people of Palmyra that they were true characters, and that the translation of such of them as had been translated was also correct. I took the certificate and put it into my pocket, and was just leaving the house when Mr. Anthon called me back, and asked me how the young man found out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them. I answered that an angel of God had revealed it to him. He then said to me, "Let me see that certificate." I accordingly took it out of my pocket and gave it to him, when he took it and tore it into pieces, saying that there was no such thing as ministering of angels, and that if I would bring the plates to him, he would translate them. I informed him that part of the plates were sealed, and that I was forbidden to bring them. He replied, "*I cannot read a sealed book.*" I left him and went to Dr. Mitchell, who sanctioned what Professor Anthon had said respecting both the characters and the translation" (History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 20).

Another prophecy, one made by Ezekiel, has had its fulfillment in the Book of Mormon. This is the inspired prediction:

The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying,

Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions:

And join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand.

And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these?

Say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand.

And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes (Ezekiel 37: 15-20).

In the Bible ("the stick of Judah") and in the Book of Mormon ("the stick of Joseph") Ezekiel's prophecy has had a literal fulfillment.

In connection with the prophecy of Ezekiel, just referred to, there is a saying of the Saviour to which I wish to draw the reader's attention. In conversing with his disciples on one occasion he said :

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd (John 10: 14-16).

It is generally believed that the "other sheep" to which Christ referred were the Gentiles, but such is not the case. The Lord did not recognize the Gentiles as his sheep; they did not hear his voice; his labors were confined to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The people of whom he spoke were the branches of the house of Israel that had "run over the wall" and that had established themselves on the eastern continent. These he visited after his resurrection, and while addressing them said :

Verily, I say unto you, that ye are they of whom I said, other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

And they understood me not, for they supposed it had been the Gentiles; for they understood not that the Gentiles should be converted through their preaching;

And they understood not that I said that they shall hear my voice; and they understood me not that the Gentiles should not at any time hear my voice; that I should not manifest myself unto them, save it were by the Holy Ghost.

But, behold, ye have both heard my voice, and seen me; and ye are my sheep, and ye are numbered among those whom the Father hath given me (III. Nephi 15: 21-24).

While the Apostle John was a prisoner on the Isle of Patmos, the Lord vouchsafed unto his servant a glorious vision, in which he was shown "things that were shortly to come to pass." He beheld the terrible persecution of the saints, and also the great apostasy from the primitive Christian faith. Then, after this night of universal darkness, he beheld the sun rise once more upon the world. "I saw," says he, "another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred and tongue, and people" (Rev. 14: 6, 7).

All these things have come to pass; the saints of the Most High were worn out; their extermination was followed by centuries of spiritual darkness; the angel which the Apostle saw in vision has

come and restored the Gospel, the fullness of which is found in that precious record, the Book of Mormon.

I could adduce much additional evidence to prove the divine origin of the Book of Mormon; I feel, however, that I have said enough. If people—especially professing Christians—will not believe the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles, they would not believe “though one rose from the dead.”

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### PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

MANY “light speeches” have been made in this country in relation to the enforcement of prohibition in the United States. People have been led to believe the whole thing a farce. That such is not the case, but that, on the contrary, prohibition is doing much for America, is the testimony of Mr. F. B. Brown, an Englishman, who returned recently from the States, and who while there made a careful study of the question. In a letter addressed to the editor of the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, and which appeared in the September 1st issue of that paper, Mr. Brown says:

“I believe prohibition is making America more efficient. I do not refer particularly to the dry goods trade, though I certainly think that it will have a tendency to improve the efficiency of these workers in common with others. I do not deny that it is still possible to get a drink in dry America. It is, but it takes a certain amount of trouble, and incurs the risk of legal penalty. There is not, as formerly, the invitation of the saloon at every corner, and the majority of men simply don't go out of their way to get liquor. I admit the unfairness of the rich man owning a well-stocked cellar and his poorer brother going dry. Any way, these cellars won't last for ever, then both will be on the same footing. The heads of businesses in America certainly don't owe their efficiency to liquor, but to certain training, study, perseverance, and work. I don't assert that, speaking generally, prohibition has as yet, materially improved the capacity of men such as these. That many hard drinkers and dead-beats are now working steadily and well, and owing no man anything, is the declared opinion of most of the shopkeepers I met. The attitude of the average American towards prohibition was that it was a nuisance, an interference with his personal liberty and his private habits, but that it was undoubtedly making for national prosperity and as such to be tolerated, if not absolutely approved. The liquor manufacturers deserve credit in that they have not sat down and whined about hardship and injustice, but have turned their breweries and distilleries into mineral water, candy, and ice cream factories, and in many cases are reported to be doing extremely well. The evil of the open bar and the intrusion of the drink interest into politics were much resented by the major-

ity of Americans. They stood it for a long time, but having decided that it was injurious to the State they smashed both with characteristic American efficiency. The effect of prohibition on the man-power, and still more on the child life of the nation, the making of decent homes and sober parents, is, I believe, either in America or elsewhere, bound to increase happiness, efficiency, and output.

“Britain has these people to compete and to reckon with. Will she be helped or hindered by a national drink bill of £469,700,000, even though a large portion of this bill represents taxation?”

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### EVIL REPORTS.

THE longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:

1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others.

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed to others.

5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—SIMEON.

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### INCITEMENT TO ACTIVITY.

Wake thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest those lost years should haunt thee on the night  
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
To take their swift and everlasting flight;

Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed.

Do something—do it now—with all thy might.  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.  
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist!

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—  
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above,  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow

In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

W. WILCOX.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1921.

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**EDITORIAL:**

**THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.**

IN THE ninety-sixth year of the Christian era an Apostle of Jesus Christ was a prisoner on the Isle of Patmos, in the midst of the Aegean Sea. Patmos was the Roman Siberia, a place to which the Empire banished its criminals, compelling them to work in the mines. That apostle was John the Beloved, persecuted for the Gospel's sake, but still enjoying the favour of Him whom he faithfully and devotedly served. God showed to this man marvelous things, and in the account given by him of what he beheld, are found these wonderful words:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

Bear in mind, reader, that this was nearly one hundred years after the Saviour had commissioned his apostles to go "into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" a commission executed by them within the next half century, during which they and their associates spread the glad tidings of salvation to every part of the Roman empire, from Scythia on the north, to Ethiopia on the south, and from India on the east, to Britain on the west; an area comprising the then known world.

The Apostle John was the sole survivor of the Twelve thus appointed and sent forth. All the others had met death by martyrdom. An attempt had been made upon John's life, by casting him into a cauldron of boiling oil, but he escaped miraculously, and to him was vouchsafed the great vision known as the Apocalypse, recorded in the book of Revelation, containing, among other things, the inspired words above quoted.

In view of the facts set forth, it would be idle to contend that John's vision had any reference to the preaching of the Gospel in his day. The vision did not point backward—this part of it, at least. The indication was forward. It foreshadowed events that would be thereafter. So John was told by the Saviour himself, at the very opening of the vision.

The Christian Church, even then, was in a condition of apostasy. The "falling away" predicted by Paul had taken place. This is apparent from the tenor of the instructions given to John, to write "what the Spirit saith unto the churches." That the

Gospel promulgation then foreseen referred to a future period, when the world would be without "the faith once delivered to the saints," is as clear and reasonable an inference as can be drawn from Scripture. The fact that the Gospel restored by the angel was to be preached "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," plainly tells the story of the previous apostasy, and the withdrawal of the Gospel from among men. For had it remained on earth from the days of the Saviour, there would have been no need for the angel to bring it back again.

But we are not dealing with a mere inference when we consider this momentous question. Revelation proclaims the great fact of the Gospel's restoration in the latter days. This is "Mormonism's" position—"Mormonism," a modern nickname for the Everlasting Gospel, restored to the earth in fulfilment of John's prophetic words. The hour of God's judgment is at hand, and the Gospel of the Kingdom is being preached again in all the world for a witness before the end comes—not the end of all things, but the end of wickedness, and the beginning of the reign of Righteousness. Such is the testimony borne by the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, wherever they are permitted to lift their voices in declaration of the divine message entrusted to them.

Why is it termed "The Everlasting Gospel?" There must be a reason for it; and that reason we shall not go far to find. Everlasting means eternal, that which endures, and is not subject to change. The Gospel of Christ completely answers this description. It does not change; its principles are eternal, everlasting—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Instituted in the heavens before this world was framed, and designed not only for man's redemption and salvation, but for his endless glory and exaltation, the Gospel has been upon earth many times before it was preached by Christ's apostles. It was a restored Gospel then, just as much as it is now, when it has been brought back by an angel sent from heaven for that purpose, in order that Israel might be gathered, Zion established, and the way prepared for the coming of the Lord in glory. Joseph Smith, through whom it was restored, stands at the head of the last and greatest of the Gospel dispensations—the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, which is destined to bring together all things in Christ, and usher in the great day of restitution spoken of by holy prophets since the world began.

There is but one true Gospel. There never has been and there never will be another. It is the Everlasting Gospel, and like its author, it is without variableness or shadow of turning. Saint Paul, aware of this, warned the backsliding Galatians against turning from him who had called them into the grace of Christ unto "another gospel," which, he added, "is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of

Christ." And he said something else in the same connection which present-day preachers would do well to heed. It was this: "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

Study the Gospel, ye who would be saved by it—the Gospel preached by Paul and Peter and James and John, as found in the Acts and Epistles of the ancient Twelve. Compare it with the teachings of modern sectarian ministers—the Galatians of to-day. Then draw your own conclusions as to whether they are winning the approval of heaven by preaching the Gospel Everlasting, or calling down upon themselves the anathema pronounced upon preachers of "another gospel," by the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

O. F. W.

### HUMILITY.

AT THE recent M. I. A. conference, at Salt Lake City, President Heber J. Grant preached a little sermon on Humility from which a very profitable lesson may be drawn. We commend it to the readers of the *Star*. The President said:

Never while I live shall I forget the first rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord to me as a young man while proclaiming the Gospel, by the inspiration of that Spirit. By the aid of that Spirit I was enabled to preach with freedom, force, and power, because I had the Spirit of the Lord, which testified to me of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have referred to it many times, and I shall never fail to be grateful for it. I was then a young man, not twenty-four years of age, with little experience, never having occupied any position in the Church except that of a teacher—I was really not a teacher; I very faithfully visited the members on the block where I was appointed to teach—regularly for several years, never failed once a month to go around and meet everybody, but all I did was to listen to the late Hamilton G. Park teach the people, one of whom I was. I owe much of my love of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the wonderful testimonies and the inspirational teachings of that man to the Latter-day Saints as a block-teacher. Practically all the teaching I did was to listen to him, and then at his request, at the monthly meetings, with Bishop Woolley and his counselors and the teachers in our ward, I made the reports. But as a boy, without experience, never having spoken in public in my life, for any length of time, never ten minutes at once, I was called to preside over a stake of Zion. I remember preaching and telling everything I could think of, and some of it over twice, and ran out of ideas in seven minutes and a half by the watch. Among other things, I told the people that I knew nothing of the duties that

devolved upon me, but with the help of the Lord I would do the best I could, and that with his help I had no fear at all but what I could get along. I remember a good brother telling me that I had made a very serious mistake, that I had destroyed my influence by telling the saints I did not know anything.

"Well," I said, "they may discover that I have a little sense, later on, and that will agreeably surprise them."

I think you make no mistake in not pretending you know something when you do not.

The next Sunday I did not do any better. I ran out of ideas in six or seven minutes. The next Sunday I did the same. The following Sunday I took a couple of very excellent preachers with me and went away down to the south end of Tooele county, the farthest settlement, to the little town of Vernon, sometimes called String Town, because it covered a long string of ranches. There was a little log meetinghouse, and as I was walking to meeting with the late High Councilor in the Ensign stake of Zion, John C. Sharp, who was then the bishop of Vernon, I looked around and said: "Why, Bishop, there is nobody going to meeting."

"Oh," he said, "I think there will be somebody there." We were walking up a little hill from his home. The meetinghouse was not in sight. When we reached the top of the hill, I saw a number of wagons around the meetinghouse, but I did not see a soul going to meeting. "Well," I said, "there are some wagons there, but I don't see anybody going to meeting."

He said: "I guess there will be somebody in the meetinghouse." We walked into the meetinghouse two minutes to 2 o'clock, and the house was full, every seat occupied, and we were the last people to come in. At 2 o'clock, promptly, we began the meeting. Brother Sharp told me he had tried to educate the people to be seated before 2 o'clock; and, apparently, he had succeeded. I got up to make my little speech of five, six or seven minutes, and I talked for forty-five minutes, with as much freedom and as much of the Spirit of the Lord as I have ever enjoyed in preaching the Gospel during the forty years that have passed since then. I could not restrain the tears of gratitude which I shed that night, as I knelt down and thanked God for the rich outpouring of his Holy Spirit, for the testimony that had come into my heart and soul, confirming the knowledge that I had of the Gospel, giving me increased power, because of the knowledge that I had that God, by his Holy Spirit, had inspired me to proclaim this Gospel.

I received another lesson the next Sunday for which I have been just as grateful, although not as happy over it. I went to Grantsville, the largest ward in the Tooele stake of Zion, and I approached the Lord with much the same attitude as Oliver Cowdery when he told the Lord, "I want to translate," and the

Lord told him he could translate. But, failing, he was later told, he did not study it out, and he did not pray about it, and he did not do his share. I told the Lord I would like to talk again to the saints in Grantsville. I got up and talked for five minutes, and I sweat as freely, I believe, as if I had been dipped in a creek, and I ran out of ideas completely. I made as complete a "fizzle," so to speak, of my talk, as a mortal could make. I did not shed any tears of gratitude, but I walked away from that meetinghouse, out into the fields, among the hay and straw stacks, and when I got far enough away, so that I was sure nobody saw me, I knelt down behind one of those stacks and I shed tears of humiliation. I asked God to forgive me for not remembering that men cannot preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with power, with force, and with inspiration only as they are blessed with power which comes from God; and I told him there, as a boy, that if he would forgive me for my egotism, if he would forgive me for imagining that without his Spirit any man can proclaim the truth and find willing hearts to receive it, to the day of my death I would endeavor to remember from whence the inspiration comes, when we are proclaiming the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the plan of life and salvation again revealed to the earth. I am grateful to say that during the forty years that have passed since then, I have never been humiliated as I was humiliated that day; and why? Because I have never, thank the Lord, stood upon my feet with an idea that a man could touch the hearts of his hearers, be they Latter-day Saints or sinners, except that man shall possess the Spirit of the living God, and thus be capable of bearing witness that this is the truth that you and I are engaged in.

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### THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY OLIVER C. DALBY.

SOME years ago, while doing work as a missionary on the continent of Europe, chance brought me to a country home on an extremely cold New Year's morning. A glance about the room revealed to me that I had entered a place of extreme poverty. It was one of those places, not uncommon in Europe, but seldom seen in America, where poverty assumes its deepest and most terrible form. This place was not really a home, but a hovel. Want and privation were written on every object in the room. There was no furniture, no floor, no comfort of any kind. A broken chair, an old stove that showed by its markings to have been in use more than a hundred years, a square box with a faded curtain that served as a cupboard, were all the visible household effects.

A little pale-faced woman, with unmistakable evidences of sorrow written on every line of her face, stood in the center of the room. She did not seem surprised at my coming, but rather looked as if she might have been expecting me. After I had explained my errand, she smiled faintly and answered in a low sweet voice: "Yon are welcome."

But the smile instantly gave way to a look of sadness as she turned her eyes to the corner back of the door. Instinctively my eyes followed hers. The sight that met my gaze I shall never forget. There on a rude platform, covered with straw and rags, that had done service as a bed, lay the lifeless body of a child. Disheveled locks of golden hair partly hid his thin marble face; but death was unmistakably there. A cold chill crept over me, and I trembled as I thought of my own golden-haired boy. At that instant the woman spoke.

"Will you be seated, sir?" And she offered me the broken chair. "It is not often that we have visitors," she continued. "We are poor, very poor, and will yon excuse the absence of a fire, but we have no fuel. It doesn't matter much, now that I am alone." "While he was alive—" and here she broke down and could continue no further.

"His troubles are at an end," she said at last, "and as for me it matters not."

There was something so sad, so touching, in her expression and voice that I felt deeply moved. "I see that yon have a heart," she said as she saw my emotion. "I had almost come to believe that men's hearts were made of stone."

For a moment I gazed wonderingly at the sad face and slender form of the little woman that stood before me.

"Yon have had much sorrow?" I ventured.

"Yes," she answered in her sad, sweet voice.

"If it would not cause yon too much pain I should like to know something of your life and the trial through which you have passed," I said.

"I shall only be too glad to tell you, for I feel I should like to unburden my soul to someone who is interested enough to care," she answered. "My life has been a sad one; all brought about by my own folly; but, oh sir, how dearly I have paid for my folly."

"My father was a well-to-do farmer, and we lived in the country. I was the youngest of four children, and the only daughter of the family. As a child, my father supplied my every wish, and I did pretty much as I pleased. When I grew to womanhood, I fell desperately in love with a young man from town. He was handsome, talkative and something of a professional dancer. All the girls of our neighborhood were attracted by him, and I felt conceited because he seemed to pay more attention to me than he did to any of the others.

"Occasionally when he called to see me he was under the influence of liquor. That only made him the more talkative, and I thought him wonderfully clever. My father warned me against taking up with a young man that was given to drink. But like most girls, I thought I knew best and failed to heed his warning.

"Not being able to gain the consent of my parents to our union, we were married secretly. My father was a man of an extremely high temper, and when he learned our secret he became so enraged that he sent me away from home and forbade my return.

"For a time all went well; but my husband kept on drinking against my pleading and tears. I really think he tried hard to quit, but the habit had become too strong for him, or he was too weak to break off its shackles. He sometimes remained away from home all night, and I was more or less neglected. By and by, this baby boy came to bless our home, as I thought. This was four years ago. A little girl was born two years later, but she died when but a few weeks old.

"Matters grew worse. My husband became more and more addicted to the drink habit. We were reduced to poverty, and finally to absolute want. I did what I could to earn a living for myself and child. My husband abused me; often beat me severely because I was unwilling to give him my scanty earnings to satisfy his appetite for drink.

"A week ago I did a day's washing, for which I was to receive a 'krone.' We needed bread. My baby"—and here she turned to the lifeless form of her boy—"had been crying with hunger all day, and I had consoled him with the promise that he should have something to eat as soon as I could deliver my day's work and receive the money. When that was done and I had returned home I found my husband here. He knew I had the money and he demanded it. I refused to give it to him. He struck me and threatened my life if I did not give it up. I was finally compelled, through his threats and abuse, to give him the money. He left home, and since that time I have not seen him.

"That night our child contracted a fever, brought on, no doubt, by hunger and exposure. All through the night I watched the hot flush on his cheek, and heard him call for that father who had robbed him of the crust of bread that he so much needed to keep his little body in health. As the early morning broke, he fell into a slumber and slept till noon. When he awoke he was worse. The fever had increased. He no longer recognized me. In his mind's wanderings he called for food, but I had none to give. For six days and nights I watched over him, and each day saw him grow worse. My only resource was in prayer. By his bed of straw I knelt in prayer each morning, and every evening I pleaded with God that He would not be unmindful of me in the hour of my extreme affliction, but would spare to me my only earthly

joy, my very all, my little boy. Oh, sir, how I pleaded for the life of that child!

"Last night as the evening shadows fell upon our desolate home, I knelt once more to intercede with The Giver of All Good for the life of my child. I was so exhausted through the loss of sleep, and want of food, that while in the very act of prayer I fell asleep. I dreamed that I saw my boy grow to manhood, a bright, handsome, attractive young man. And then, oh heaven, how horrible! He took to drink. He became a drunkard like his father; a blight on the community; an outcast to society; a curse among men.

"So vivid was the picture, and so great the agony of my soul, that I awoke with a scream. I saw again in the dim twilight on that bed of straw the dying form of my boy, wasted by the ravages of the fever, his face half concealed by his tasseled golden hair. I could read on that now pale face, and knew in my heart, that as he then was he would be acceptable to the Master who once said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"So I must yield to that higher power, to that diviner law; must sacrifice my mother love; must give to God my great earthly joy, my only joy, to be saved the more terrible sorrow, and to avoid the consequences of the wreck of another human soul.

"Once again I knelt and prayed: 'Oh, Father, thou that doest all things well, comfort thou me. Heal up my broken heart. Give me strength to bear my affliction. Take thou my child, my only child; that he may never know the evils that await him in this world.'

"My prayer is answered. My boy is dead."

### FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

**Baptisms.**—A baptismal service was held at Handsworth chapel, Birmingham, Saturday, August 27th, 1921, when two adults were baptized by Elder Tyler H. Barton, and confirmed by President Edgar W. Jeffery and Elder Marvin L. Nielson.

On Saturday evening, August 27th, 1921, a baptismal service was held at the sea shore near Royston, Leith, Scotland, when six souls were added to the fold. Elders Obra Pearce and Frank McGhie officiated.

**Priesthood Meeting.**—On Tuesday, August 23rd, 1921, a priesthood meeting was held in the West Hartlepool chapel, for the elders of the Newcastle conference. Those present were President Osmond C. Crowther, Elders James T. Palmer, John Black, Robert E. Finch, Charles W. Speierman, Thomas V. Phillips, William E.

White, Russell B. Hodgson, also Elder Leonard A. Higgins, who was visiting there from Bradford. President Crowther conducted the meeting. Short talks were given by all present, and everyone expressed themselves as feeling well in their work. President Crowther spoke on missionary work, and gave instructions pertaining to it. All left the meeting with a new determination to labor more diligently.

**Successful Conferences.**—Sunday, August 28th last, a conference of the Handsworth, Walsall, Sparkbrook and Saltley branches was held in Handsworth chapel, Birmingham. President Edgar W. Jeffery presided. Elder William A. Morton, assistant-editor of the *Millennial Star*, was present and delivered two very interesting and instructive addresses: “Why I Became a Mormon,” and “Why I Believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.” All the sessions were well attended. One hundred and twenty-nine persons were present at the evening meeting, among them several prominent business men, non-members of the Church. They were deeply impressed with Elder Morton’s discourse on the Book of Mormon, and expressed a desire to read the book. President Jeffery bore testimony that the Book of Mormon is a divinely inspired record, and that its translator is a true prophet of God. Elder John O. Hughes delivered a brief address at the afternoon session. Elder Morton attended the Sunday School and conducted a class exercise, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Saturday evening he attended a priesthood meeting and gave valuable instruction.

On Sunday, August 14th, 1921, a branch conference was held in the Co-operative Hall, Nuneaton. More than fifty persons were present. President William Seckington had charge of the meetings. President Edgar W. Jeffery, and Elder Harold H. Jenson, clerk of the conference, attended and delivered gospel discourses. Sister Lucy Hartopp sang a solo. Elders Tyler H. Barton and Marvin L. Nielson assisted in making arrangements. At the Sunday School session the branch children rendered a splendid program.

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